

(1)



Mercurius Britannicus

H I S

Welcome to Hell:

With the

Devills Blessing

T O

B R I T A N I C U S.

I Joy to thinke, what Bone-fires shall be made,
When thou shalt come, (great Master of our Trade)
Thou hast out-libell'd Libellers, and revil'd
Beyond Revilers, hath thy pen compil'd.
To thee, what was th'Oxonian *Aulicus*,
Or Grand *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*.
Moderate Intelligence, or *Civicus*,
Perfect Diurnall, or *Hibernicus*,
Kingdomes Intelligence, or *Rusticus*,
Weekly Account, *Scotch-Dove*, or *Catholicus*,

A

Per-

Perfect Occurrence, or Aquaticus,
The London Post, or sweet Candidus,
 Amongst all these (deare Son *Britanicus*)
 Th' hast shew'd thy selfe the best *Mercurius*.
 Thou hast out-slander'd slander, and prevail'd,
 And every railing rogue thou hast out-rail'd.
 Thou bravely didst thy Sovereigne vilifie,
 Pursud'st his Honour with an *Hue and Cry*;
 Abus'd the Queene with scandalls, and the Peeres,
 And set three Kingdomes weekly by the eares:
 Which we accept, as services well done
 To us, our Raigne, and our infernall Throne.
 What though at small esteem the people rate thee,
 And that God and all good men justly hate thee.
 Feare not, though heaven and earth doth thee expell,
 Come to me, thou shalt welcome be in hell:
 For thy great merits and most exlent parts,
 Wee'l entertaine thee, fitting thy deserts:
 Our brazen gates shall be set ope for thee,
 And churlish *Cerberus* shall refuse his fee.
 His dog-like hanging eares for joy hee I shake,
 His three heads bow obedient for thy sake;
 And, for thou art of his old race and kin,
 His whole six rowes of horse-like teeth shall grin;
 His lolling lips shall smoothly smile and simper,
 And (stead of grumbling) shal but whine & whimper.
 His warp'd ilfavoured faces, beards all knotted,
 To be new-trim'd when thou com'st, are allotted.
 He shall not dare to snarle, bark, or look grim,
 But welcome thee that hast out-bawled him.
 Thus, when th' hast past the Porter (*Cerberus*)
 Then shalt thou see stone-rowling *Sisiphus*,
 And the tormented pining *Tantalus*,
 Thiefe-filching heavenly fire *Prometheus*
 (And therefore bound to frozen *Caucasus*)
 The Gripe, that gnawes the guts of *Tirius*,
 And all the furies in Black *Erebus*,
 Shall make a play-day for *Britanicus*.

And *Danaus's* nine and forty daughters shall
 Leave their vaine lab'ring, and sing Uptailles all;
 Their Tubs shall Pulpits make, for men well able
 To preach our Doctrine in a barne or stable.
 Thus when thy soule shall enter into hell,
 It shall be welcom'd with an hideous yell.
 We shall prepare such musick for thine eare,
 As that which pleas'd *Caligula* to heare:
 He tooke delight to heare the parting groanes
 Of tortur'd wretches, and would praise their tones:
 And all hells instruments with noise shall fill us,
 Sweet as the Brazen Bull made by *Pervillus*.
 The inner roomes shall all perfumed be
 With Hemlock, Henbane, Sulphur, Mercurie,
 Rare Arsaferita, or any thing
 That unto thee (my son) content may bring:
 The scent of these sweet Simples I'll presume
 Not Spaine or Rome hath any such perfume.
 Of *Sodoms* apples we will lambswool make,
 And drinke Carrowses of the Stigian Lake:
 And, for that thou art full of spleen and hate,
 Wee make thee Secretary of our State.
Caine and *Iscariot*, wee'l to thee prefer,
 The one thy Usher, th'other Treasurer.
 Thou still shalt be my speciall favourite,
 I'll make thee heire of everlasting night:
 Honors on honors on thee I will heap,
 And as thou sow'dst for me, so shalt thou reap;
Gomorahs grapes shall yeeld thee precious wine,
 And *Jesabell* shall be thy Concubine.
Megara, *Alecto*, and *Tesiphone*,
 Shall all in flaming robes of tiffanie
 Attend on thee, and dance like wanton Riggs,
 Corrantoes horne-pipes, and fine Northerne Jiggs.
 This must thy garnish and first welcome be,
 And all our Legions shall attend on thee;
 Yet further shall our favour be exprest,
 We will prepare for thee a sumptuous feast,

Nero, Vitellius, Sardanapalus,
Milo, and famous Heliogabalus,
 The *Bacchanalls*, feasts of *Olimpicus*,
 Thou shalt out-feast them all, (*Britannicus*)
 For we will plunder earth, and ayre, and seas,
 To finde rare things that may thy pallat please :
 The great Leviathan shall lie in pickle,
 Sows'd in the sweat of many a Conventicle ;
 And oyl for sallats, dropt from thousand twists
 Of male and female, zealous Familists :
 Thy brawn our purveyers carefully provides
 Two Amsterdamnable fat Praters sides,
 Such as are pure Religions pure Rejecters,
 Such as can stand out foure or five houres Lectures.
 These are my Chaplaines, these are truths Infecters,
 These cough, and spit, and spawle infernall Nectars:
 These are the spirits which mad-mens braines inspire,
 These blow the bellowes of contentious fire :
 These (with the vizards of devout intents)
 Molest Church, Kings, Kingdoms and Parliaments.
 These are my Clergie, who with zeal intrude
 Into th'opinions of the multitude ;
 These make'em leave the Christal stream for puddles,
 And these send cheated soules to hell by huddles.
 My Chaplaines know no Lawes Ecclesiastique,
 But they can broach opinions mad, phantastique ;
 Such as from learned schools had never calling,
 Yet have strong guifts of windy caterwauling ;
 Who with devotions cloak, gull men most purely,
 Whose truly's false, whose surely is a sure lye :
 And were it not for such, I know right well,
 We should want many souls which are in hell.
 For which colour'd (like brawne) their sides shall be
 Well boyl'd in Jesuits piss, and sows'd for thee :
 With *Aqua fortis* we will grind thy mustard,
 And of *Hiennaes* milk, wee'l make thy custard
 Of th' eggs of Asps, O 'tis a precious dish,
 And (for the taste) it doth exceed mans wish.

Flapdragons we will drink instead of wine,
 For with our brawn, we should drink Muskadine ;
 The which shall be (from severall Mineralls drawn)
 By cunning Chimists to digest thy brawn :
 Which with our fiery breaths to flames wee'l turn,
 And (like a furnace) in our mawes shall burn.
 Foure Antinomians chines cut out at large,
 In Phlegeton well roast, we give in charge :
 Six Athiests haunches bak'd, ten wel-grown spare-ribs
 Of Libertines, which we will all make bare ribs.
 An Oleao we must have, (a dish of state)
 A Spanish dish, ne're heard of till of late ;
 Th'Abortives of six wanton sisters wombs,
 In their own liquor stew'd with Stigian plumbs.
 Twelve Seekers ears (grown of the largest size)
 Minc'd with the marrow of a Leachers thighs.
 Two dozen of pious preaching sisters tongues,
 As many woodcocks heads, two foxes lungs ;
 Who eats this Oleao cannot choose but find
 A strange encrease of braine, and length of wind :
 Twelve Rascals gammons (who will have no King)
 Smoak't, black as jet, we to thy boord will bring.
 For the Westphalians learn'd that art of me,
 I was the first that taught that cookerie.
 My costly Haggost, I remember not,
 Which is a dish that must not be forgot :
 Six Anabaptists hearts with garlick stuck,
 Two Jesuits brains, a sincere Brownists pluck
 Boyl'd in a traytors skull with sublimare,
 This Haggost hath impoisoned many a State.
 We (for our fruit) will of those apples have
 Which *Eve* (thy mother) unto *Adam* gave :
 (For our delights and pleasures all were hidden,
 If we presume not to doe things forbidden.)
 Then from the West Peru, and th'Easterne China
 Wee'l have Tobacco, rare and right Varina ;
 For 'twere a shame to us it should be spoke,
 That we should keep a colcfire without smoke.

Thus

Thus shalt thou no good entertainment lack,
 And brave *Guy Faux* with famous *Ravilliack*
 Shall wait on thee from boord unto thy bed,
 And each of them shall be thy Ganimed.
 Yet all thy cheare I have not nam'd, by halfe,
 I will give order to kill *Walthams* calfe;
 'Tis a most curious dish, his head and braines
 Will fill thee full of raptures, and high straines:
 We will have Tanzeyes made with herbes and spices
 Of Mandrake, and the eggs of Cockatrices.
 Then to conclude, we will drink healths around,
 Which shall in loyall royall blood be crown'd:
 And Wee'l have shoinghorns to draw down drink
 Beyond salt Herrins, or th' Westphalian skink;
 As drunk as Devils, we my boy will be,
 Wee'l quaffe whole bolls of molten lead to thee,
 Then shalt thou see what honor shall be done
 To thee, whom I adopt my dearest sonne.

T H E
 Devills Blessing
 T O
 B R I T A N I C U S.

Hells blessing on thee my blasphemous sonne,
 Thou hast thy brother *Rabsbeka* out-done;
Shimei's a very foole compar'd to thee,
 Thou (every weeke) writ'st higher blasphemie:
Korah's gain-saying if compar'd to thine
 Was petty-Treason, thou in every line
 Out-viest all these, thou bravely plaid'st thy part,
 And in our service shew'dst a loyall heart.

All

All I can promise is, when thou shalt come,
 Thou shalt be glorious for thy Martyrdome;
 Nay, thou shalt set thy house in order too,
 And in thy death *Achitophell* out-do;
 Thou fill'dst with mischiefs many thousand pates,
 Thou mad'st a hundred thousand Reprobates:
 Thou taught'st the people better to blaspheme,
 I furnish'd thee, with every straine and streame
 Of villany; which thou didst so improve,
 That thou for ever hast deserv'd my love.
 And therefore, in thy death thou shalt excell
 That great grave Councillor *Achitophell*,
 And all the rest of such as liv'd before,
 Since thou for us (deere son) hast done much more.
Vicisti Gallilea, thou shalt cry,
 As *Julian* did, and cast thy blood on high;
 Or thou shalt die like *Arrins*, who withstood
 The Nazarite, voyding both guts and blood.
 In the mean space remember me to all
 My friends particular, and generall:
 To *Henry Walker* I beare much affection,
 Hee's red-hair'd, of *Iscaariots* right complexion;
 Like *Sheba*, *Bichri's* son, he did rebell,
 And cri'd out to your tents, O *Israel*.
 He was an Ironmonger at first, and then
 He turn'd Bookseller, after that his pen
 Libell'd against the King, and did incroach
 So neare him, that he threw't into his Coach.
 For which he should have gone to th' Triple-Tree,
 But pity, and the Kings high clemencie
 Wrote to the Parliament, that they should spare him,
 Whose power, unto the Pillorie did rear him.
 Since when (to shew his humble thanks the more)
 Reviles the King worse then he did before.
 Writes weekly Newes, and lies egregiously,
 And oftentimes doth preach most grievously;
 For which I will prefer him unto thee,
 When thou com'st, he shall then thy Chaplain be.

He shall thy solemne Funerall Sermon preach,
 My spirit shall instruct him how to teach,
 And he shall write in mournfull Elegies,
 In sad memoriall of thy Obsequies.
 Then my sons (Sectaries) with their zealous lasses,
 And all the learn'd *Amercurius Only-Glasses*,
 Shall (with great griefe) be in a sad quandarie,
 And mourne in Claret burnt, and sweet Canarie;
 Then will we have for thee an Epitaph,
 Which who e're reads, perhaps 'twill make him laugh.

Epitaph.

Here lies *Briannicus*, *Hell's barking cur*,
That son of Beliall, who kept damned fir;
And every Monday spent his stocke of spleen,
In venomous railing on the King and Queen.
Who, though they both in goodnesse may forgive him,
Yet (for his safety) we'l in hell receive him.

FINIS.